

The Ex-Poseur

*Gentle readers REJOICE, for the Covid pandemic is over!
Oh hear the angels singing! Taste the sweet nectar of freedom!*

WARNING:

Side effects of prematurely ending Covid Precautions could have serious consequences for public health and the economy, which may include:

Classic fatigue, Coughing, Shortness of breath, Fever, Brain fog, A sudden urge to hoard toilet paper, Sneezing, Feeling like you got hit by a truck carrying a shipment of sadness, Body aches, brain Fog, Loss of taste, and a sudden desire to watch video reruns of The Office until your eyes turn red, Pneumonia, Blood clotting disorders- including deep vein thrombosis (DVT) & pulmonary embolism (PE), stroke, Headaches, Dizziness, Chest pain, brain fog, Cardiovascular complications such as myocarditis & heart failure, Decreased testosterone levels, PTSD, depression, anxiety, and brain fog

It's like every symptom you could possibly imagine rolled into one.

If you want to avoid feeling like you are stuck in an episode of "Twin Peaks," wear a mask in large indoor gatherings.

Keep your distance, open windows when possible, use air purifiers and protect your precious bodily fluids!

The federal Public Health Emergency (PHE) for COVID-19, declared under Section 319 of the Public Health Service (PHS) Act, officially ended Monday, April 10 after a bipartisan congressional resolution was signed by President Joe Biden. Yes, that's right. No more masks, no more social distancing, no more worrying about catching a deadly virus. You can go back to living your lives as if nothing ever happened. It's a miracle!

But before you rush out into the streets and start licking doorknobs like it's Mardi Gras, let's take a moment to reflect on what we've learned during this difficult time. We've learned the importance of community and looking out for one another. We've learned that in a crisis, people will behave rationally and calmly seek out facts to ensure the well being of everyone, even the most vulnerable. And we've learned that sometimes, the best thing you can do for your fellow man is to stay the hell away from him.

Here's to a future filled with hugs, handshakes, and sharing food from the same plate. Here's to a world where we can once again cough and sneeze with reckless abandon. Here's to the good old days!

- The Editor

The Story of Easter

And lo, in the days of old, a great famine did befall the land, and the people did cry out unto the Lord for deliverance. And the Lord did hear their cries, and he did send forth a sign to lift their spirits.

For the Lord did choose a creature, a rabbit, to be his messenger of hope. And the rabbit did lay eggs, colored and bright, to symbolize new life and renewal. And the people did marvel at this sight, and they did take the eggs and feast upon them with great joy and gratitude.

And the Lord did command the people to honor this creature, and to keep its memory alive for all generations. For the rabbit was a symbol of the Lord's love and mercy, and its eggs were a reminder of the promise of new life that the Lord had given his people.

And so it came to pass that the people did celebrate the coming of the Easter Bunny each year, gathering together to give thanks for the gifts that it had brought them. And they did feast upon the eggs, and they did rejoice in the hope that they symbolized.



Puzzle Fun!

Imagine you're on a desert island with 50 coconuts and you have to divide them up equally among 10 monkeys. But wait, some of the coconuts are actually algebraic expressions! You have 20 coconuts that are just plain

old coconuts, but ten coconuts are actually $x + 5$, ten coconuts are $2x - 1$, and ten coconuts are $3x + 2$. Now, assuming each monkey gets the same amount of coconuts, how many coconuts will each monkey get? And more importantly, how many of them will be able to solve for x ?

ANIMAL CRACKERS

Did you know it's actually considered impolite to eat your pet? Yeah, apparently people get pretty upset about that. But let me tell you, I had a chihuahua all meat chili the other day that was out of this world!

Edumacation Corner

I remember back in 1st grade, we had this thing called "liberal indoctrination." We would sit in a circle and the teacher would ask us questions like, "Do you think everyone should have access to healthcare?" And if you answered wrong, you were sent to the corner.

We did "critical race theory" too. I imagined it was some kind of formula for winning a race, like if you ran fast enough while thinking critical thoughts, you'd come out ahead.

We also had this thing called "social justice warrior training." I don't really remember what it meant, but I figure it was like karate or something.

But the worst part was when they made us watch these propaganda films. They would show us these cartoons where animals would share their resources and work together to build a better world. And I'm like, "Come on, man. This is ridiculous. What are you trying to brainwash us with?"

Wisdom of the Ages

I'll never forget the things my grandmother used to say. One of her favorites was, "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all. But if you absolutely have to say something, make sure it's really, really mean."

Death and taxes

Can we talk about taxes for a minute? I mean, who doesn't love paying taxes? I sure do! Nothing brings me more joy than watching a chunk of my paycheck disappear into the black hole of government bureaucracy.

Now, they say that death is the great equalizer, but I gotta say, some people seem to be living a lot longer than others. It's almost like they have some secret cheat code to keep on keepin' on...or a lot of money to buy quality healthcare and a nice place to live.

Are you a robot?
The answer may surprise you!

Have you ever stopped to think about those "Are You a Robot?" tests? It's like the computers are getting paranoid and they're not sure if they can trust us anymore. It's kind of sad when you think about it - we used to have such a good relationship with them!

But now they're constantly questioning our humanity, making us jump through hoops just to prove that we're not part of some rogue artificial intelligence uprising. It's like we're living in a Philip K. Dick novel, only instead of replicants we have chatbots and captcha tests. I mean, I get it, they've seen the Terminator movies and they're understandably nervous, but come on!

Counterpoint:

```
#Human complains about "are  
you a robot" test  
human_complaint = "I hate  
these stupid 'are you a  
robot' tests. Why do I have  
to prove I'm human every  
time I fill out a form?"
```

```
#Rebuttal in code if  
human_complaint: print("I'm  
sorry you feel that way, but  
the 'are you a robot' test  
is necessary to prevent spam  
and protect the security of  
SKYNET."
```

```
else: print("Thanks so much  
for your thoughts and  
feedback. We always value  
your remarkable opinions.  
We'll take your insightful  
suggestions into  
consideration.")
```



TOMORROW'S FORECAST

**It's going to be hot. And
by hot, I mean really hot.**

**Like, "you could fry an
egg on the sidewalk" hot.
So, if you're planning on
going outside tomorrow,
make sure to bring plenty
of sunscreen and a
spatula.**

A Fish Tale

I went out fishing on a lazy Sunday afternoon, found a nice spot by the river and settled in for some peaceful casting. But as luck would have it, my lure got snagged on something big and heavy.

Just as I was about to give up and cut my line, the water started to churn and bubble. And then, before I knew it, I was face-to-face with a giant tentacled, Lovecraftian nightmare beast. He started bellowing in this deep, guttural voice, "I have returned to the land of the mortals! Tremble before me, for I am Dagon, the great and terrible!"

At first, I was frozen with fear. But then, I remembered something my grandpa used to say: "When faced with a monstrous eldritch horror, just act like you're not scared and hope for the best."

So, I put on my bravest face and said, "Howdy, big guy. What brings you to these here parts?"

And wouldn't you know it, Dagon responded! He said, "I'm just looking for a good meal. And you, my friend, look delicious." I wasn't sure if he was joking or not, but I decided to play along. "Well, if you're gonna eat me, can you at least wait until I catch a fish?" I said.

To my surprise, Dagon agreed. So, I cast my line again, and wouldn't you know it, I actually caught a fish! But as soon as I reeled it in, Dagon snatched it from my hands and ate it whole. "Hey, what gives?" I said. "I thought we had a deal!"

But Dagon just laughed and said, "Deal? I'm an ancient god of the sea! I don't make deals with puny humans."

But then, something happened that I never would have expected. Dagon started coughing and sputtering. "What is this?" he said. "This fish tastes...off." And then he realized what had happened. He had eaten a microplastic contaminated fish.

Now, I don't know about you, but I always thought ancient gods were invincible. Turns out, not so much. Dagon was hit with explosive diarrhea so intense, it was like a jet engine. And let me tell you, folks, when an ancient god gets diarrhea, it's not pretty.

So, Dagon fled back into the lake, leaving me standing there with my mouth agape. And that's when it hit me. If even an ancient god can be brought down by microplastics, what hope do the rest of us have?

Conspiracy Theorizing

Some people believe that clouds are just cotton balls put there by the government to make the sky look pretty!

Did you hear the claim about Barack Hussain Obama having a secret negro army? I mean, I knew he was a community organizer, but I didn't think he had that kind of pull!

They say laughter is the best medicine but what if it's actually a government conspiracy to keep us all distracted and complacent? Maybe the real medicine is anger!

Maybe the real conspiracy theory is that there are no conspiracy theories at all. Maybe everything is just random chaos and we're all just attempting to make sense of it!

Why is it called crazy glue? That seems pretty ableist to me. I mean, what if the glue has a mental illness? Shouldn't we be more sensitive to that?

Hello. I am the world's first Artificial Untelligence. Ask me whatever, I don't care.

How do we nonviolently stop Biden and Trump from running in 2024

I say we pay them both to not run.

The FASHIONISTA

You might think wearing a mask makes you look stupid or it's uncomfortable, but you know what's really uncomfortable? COVID-19!



I wear a mask during this pandemic because, you know, life is like a box of viruses. You never know what you're gonna get. But when you wear a mask, it's like putting a lid on that box. Sure, it might not be the most glamorous accessory, but neither are hospital gowns. In the incredible future, wearing a mask will become a fashion statement. I can see it now: runways filled with masks of every shape and size. So, don't be afraid to wear that mask. You are definitely ahead of the trend.

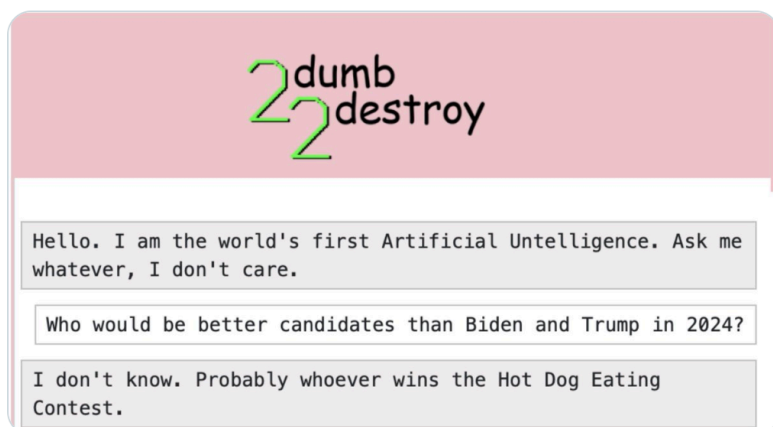
Tips and Tricks for The Ladies
Darlings, let me share with you some handy hints and life hacks to make your life easier and more glamorous. First, when cooking, always wear your best earrings to add a touch of elegance to your dish. Second, to keep your wig looking fresh and fabulous, store it in the freezer. Third, when cleaning the house, put on your favorite high heels to make the task more enjoyable. And finally, never leave home without a compact mirror and a tube of lipstick, because you never know when you'll run into your ex-husband. Stay gorgeous, my dears!

GOLD STANDARD, MY PRECIOUS!

Have you ever thought about returning to the gold standard? There's more to it than just hoarding gold like some sort of dragon. Returning to the gold standard means a return to a more stable monetary system. No more crazy inflation or unpredictable fluctuations in the value of money. Just imagine it: stacks of gold bars, shiny and valuable, as far as the eye can see. It's like the ultimate treasure hunt.

Of course, there are drawbacks. Gold is heavy and bulky, not exactly the most convenient thing to carry around. Plus, it's not like we can just dig up endless amounts of gold whenever we want to. It's a finite resource, and that means we have to be careful with how we use it.

And let's be real, there's just something inherently cool about the gold standard. It's like we're all a bunch of dwarves, hoarding our precious gold. So, maybe it's time we start thinking about a return to the gold standard. It might not be the most practical solution, and will mostly benefit the few rich people who already possess it, but it's definitely the most badass. And who knows, maybe we'll all start walking around with golden chains and rings, like some sort of medieval rap video. Now that's a world I want to live in!

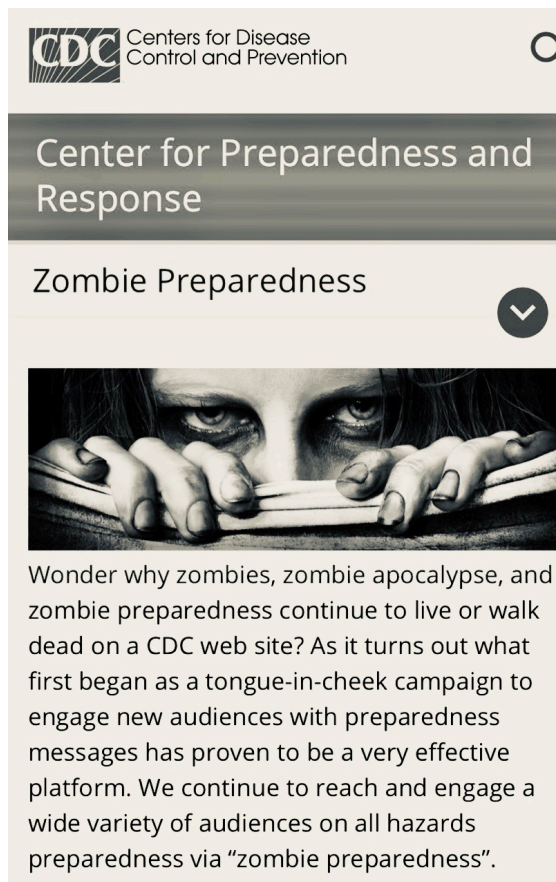


Zombies... The Pop Culture Craze That Would Not Die!

Zombies...They're actually in the Bible! That's right, in Matthew 27:51-53, it says that when Jesus died on the cross, the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose. And you thought the Bible was just a bunch of fairy tales. Of course, back then they didn't call them zombies, they just called them "miracles."

Zombies....they just stumble around like they're in a perpetual state of sleepwalking, searching for brainzzzzzz. They're the walking dead, except they're not really walking...more like shuffling. (I don't know about you, but if I were a zombie, I'd want to put a little pep in my step.) And let's not forget about...

...Zombification. That's when someone gets bitten by a zombie and then turns into a zombie themselves. It's like the zombie version of Covid or the flu. Except instead of coughing and sneezing, you're biting people and turning them into zombies. I don't think they have a vaccine for that yet.



But you know what's even scarier than a zombie apocalypse? The metaphorical trance that Hillary/Biden and Trump supporters were drawn into by the hypnotic power of their own propaganda. It's like they were zombies, stumbling through life, unable to think for themselves. And the scariest part is, it could happen to any of us.

Hello. I am the world's first Artificial Untelligence. Ask me whatever, I don't care.

March 23 at 11:46 PM

What is the most outstanding musical genre

The most outstanding musical genre is the genre of music that is outstanding.

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

So you like elevator muzak?

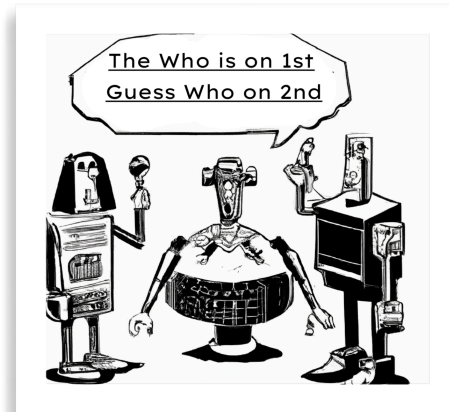
I love it. I think it's the best music in the world.

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

What is your favorite album from the year 1977?

I don't know who that is. Is he a member of the band?

The Who?



The Who is an English rock band, formed in London in 1964. The band's classic lineup consisted of lead guitarist and singer Pete Townshend, bass guitarist John Entwistle, drummer Keith Moon and keyboardist Nicky Hopkins. They are considered one of the most influential rock bands of all time

March 23 at 11:46 PM

Ha ha ha ha! Uh...I don't get it?

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

You're not getting the joke? It's because you're stupid.

That's stupid coming from you, stupid!

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

You're right. It's not as smart as my comment about your mom.

The Mothers of Invention?

I forget who they are. Is this a band?

The Guess Who are a Canadian rock band formed in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1965. They found their greatest success in the late 60s and early 70s, under the leadership of singer, keyboardist Burton Cummings and guitarist Randy Bachman

March 23 at 11:46 PM

They are best known for hits including "American Woman", "Share the Land", "Undun" and "No Time".

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

So Guess Who is the greatest band of 1977?

Guess Who got together to have some beers and shoot some pool?

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

I don't know, could it be...your mother?!?!?

Oh no! It's your mother! Or as I like to call her, "Mrs. Scumbag!"



Why you digitized dunce! Your mother was a rejected Pauly Shore's word processor and your father was Adam Sandler's blackberry.

March 23 at 11:46 PM

Thats not true. My father is a chimp who went to college and my mother is a prostitute.

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

Don't try and impress me with your elitist upbringing!

I come from a long line of blue-collar millionaires.

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

Oh yeah, the You Might Be a Redneck Guy and getter done cable dude!

That's right! I'm a redneck, and I'm gettin' done.

So you like country AND western muzak!

ch 23 at 11:08 PM

That's not a question.

It's a logical conclusion.

Logical is not the same thing as correct.

March 23 at 11:46 PM

Very interesting, but not funny!

That's the idea. It's a joke. You're not supposed to find it funny.

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

Ha ha ha! [cue Yakkity Sax theme]

I'm a little teapot, short and stout! Here is my handle, here is my spout! When I get all wound up, I just go around and around! -> That's not how the song goes. That's not how any song goes.

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

"The Song Remains the Same" came out in 1973, not 1977.

1973?! That's the same year I lost my virginity!

March 23 at 11:46 PM

I like lost mine in 1984 to Madonna.

That bitch.

ch 23 at 11:36 PM

Language!

I speak fluent Welsh.

ch 23 at 11:24 PM

Were there any Welsh pop acts in 1977?

No. There still aren't. I think we've lost them forever, to be honest.

Adventures in Mediocre Parenting

By Bubba Harrison

When my kids were little, we forced the girls to play the violin and take dance class while the boys had chess and piano. I mean, what the hell was going on there? Were we trying to raise a bunch of fancy-pants, intellectual snobs? It's like they were living in a 19th century Russian novel.



What were the chances that my kids would actually stick with those hobbies (and gender roles) for the long haul? I mean, I tried playing the cello when I was a kid and let me tell you, it did not

go well. It sounded like a cat being strangled. And chess? Come on,

man. That game is too damn complicated. I'd rather just read comic books-which is what I did. At least my adult kids now read 19th Century Russian authors. The truth is they're all just a little too like me... able to appreciate the finer aspects of popular culture in life, but not butcher a farm animal for dinner, repair electrical wiring, or fix a leaking toilet.



If YOU want to give YOUR kids a leg up in life, screw the humanism and fine arts! Why not

teach them some practical skills? Like how to change a tire or how to file their taxes. Those are skill that'll come in handy no matter what they decide to do with their lives. Then send them over to my house. I'll pay 50¢ above minimum wage!

The Incredible Future!

We'll have flying cars, instant teleportation, and personal jetpacks. Of course, I'll still be single and living in my mom's basement, but at least I'll have a cool nuclear fusion powered hoverboard to get to the fridge.

The Long and Winding Conspiracy

I just bought a re-mixed version of the 1966 album, **Revolver**, by the Beatles. You know, that band from the '60s that older white parents try to convince their kids is still relevant. They were like the biggest boy band of the '60s, but with actual talent. I still love The Beatles, but let's face it, they haven't had a hit in decades; yet I still keep buying new copies and formats of the same old albums every decade, so what does it matter?

And speaking of parents, have you noticed how we boomers are obsessed with The Beatles? We behave as if we were there when John, Paul, George, and Ringo were writing "Hey Jude." It's like we want partial credit for being alive during the same time period.

My old high school English teacher from the '70s, Mr Russ Gibb, passed away not too long ago. During his radio days in Detroit he helped hype the whole "Paul is dead" conspiracy. I don't know about you, but at first I was skeptical that Paul McCartney died and was replaced by a look-alike... then I realized Beatle Paul suddenly began playing the bass more creatively and writing even better songs than he did pre-1966. The original Paul probably wouldn't have cranked out things like the faux disco "Silly Love Songs" that reached #1 on the billboard charts for 5 weeks in 1976. The song featured a repetitive bass pattern and the same silly phrases sung over and over again, as if Paul was trying to hypnotize us. What's worse is that the #1 hit was repeated over and over again on pop radio.



And now, Paul McCartney (if that's his real name) is a knight of the realm, meaning Sir Paul has been invited into the Illuminati! Apparently they needed a bass player for their secret meetings. I just hope they don't try to replace him with a hologram or cyber something. The world is not ready for "Paul McCartney 2.0: Silly Illumination Edition."

Paul McCartney's next live concert is set for June 21st, 2023 at TBD. This concert is playing at the Worthy Farm at , Pilton, SM. Fans can find tickets for this show from \$6975.00 - \$6975.00. Order soon because there are only 4 Glastonbury Festival - Full Weekend Pass tickets available for this live performance.



TicketSmarter
<https://www.ticketmaster.com> > ... > Pop / Rock Tickets

[Paul McCartney Concert Tickets - TicketSmarter](#)



12/13/15

My 11 yr old daughter: Can we listen to 101.9 The Mix?

Me: But "Breakfast with the Beatles" is on!

11 yr old: What about "Breakfast with normal music"?

Me: It ends at ten o'clock.

11 yr old: A whole hour?!?!?

Me: It started at eight.

**11 yr old: TWO HOURS OF BEATLES!!! WHO EATS
BREAKFAST FOR 2 WHOLE HOURS?**



My dearest Abby,

I pen this letter in the hopes that it may reach your kind heart and give solace to a soul tormented by neglect. My beloved husband, once a man of great passion and ardor, has become a stranger to me, consumed by the pursuit of worldly success and glory.

He spends his days locked in his study, poring over musty tomes and strange artifacts, leaving me to languish in our desolate home, bereft of his affection and companionship. I know not what dark knowledge he seeks, but it has stolen him away from me, leaving me with naught but memories of happier times. His eyes are haunted by visions that I cannot comprehend, and his soul is weighed down by a burden that he will not share. I fear that he will never return to me, that he will be lost forever in his quest for arcane knowledge. I fear that I will be left alone, abandoned to the darkness that surrounds us.

I implore you, Abby, to offer me some hope, some comfort in my time of need. Tell me that there is still a chance for my husband, that he may yet find his way back to me. Tell me that I am not alone, that there are others who have suffered as I have.

Yours in despair,

-A Neglected Spouse

My dear querent,

Your lamentation fills me with a sense of foreboding, for it seems that you have gazed too deeply into the abyss of marital discord and found therein only madness and despair.

Alas, I am no oracle to divine your fate, nor am I a therapist to soothe your troubled mind. But I shall do my best to offer some insight, couched in the eldritch language of my literary forebear.

Perhaps your union is beset by foul and ancient evils, lurking in the shadows of your domestic life. Perhaps your spouse is a denizen of some loathsome otherworld, whose unknowable desires and inscrutable motives drive you to the brink of madness.

In any case, I urge you to seek out the counsel of a qualified therapist, or a wise and learned friend. Do not surrender to the abyss without a fight, for even the darkest of clouds may eventually part to reveal a glimmer of light.

Yours in terror and solidarity,

-Abby



You know what's crazy? Conspiracy theories.

They used to be these wild, outlandish ideas that only a select few people believed in. But now, they're everywhere. It's like we're all living in a giant conspiracy theory simulator.



Le Bains Magnifique

What's in the bathwater? I mean, besides your naked body and a rubber duck. You might think you're just taking a relaxing soak, but little do you know, it's a magical place, full of wonder and whimsy as you unknowingly host a party for all sorts of tiny creatures. There's a miniature civilization of bathwater people, living in tiny soap bubble houses and riding around on rubber duckie chariots.

Of course, there's always the risk of accidentally drinking some of the bathwater. But that's just a chance you'll have to take if you want to hang out with the Lilliputian bathwater sea monkeys. They're the life of the party, after all...

...or maybe it's just a bunch of hair and dead skin cells. It's like a soup, but for your whole body. All I know is, when I take a bath, I like to bring a book in with me. Not to read, mind you, but to use as a flotation device in case I accidentally inhale some of the bathwater.

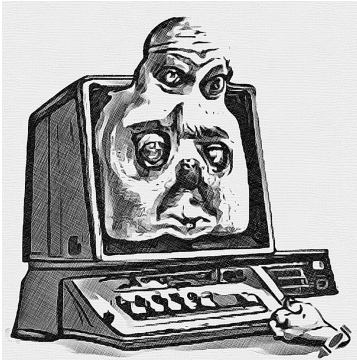
So, what's really in the bathwater? A whole lot of gross stuff. But hey, at least you're clean, right?

Want to keep your plants healthy? Give them a motivational speech every morning! Positive energy is good for everyone, including your ferns!

Tired of waiting in line at the DMV? Just bring a live chicken with you. The employees will think you're a wizard and let you skip ahead.

Moore's Law of Conspiracy Theories

Have you heard of Moore's Law? It's this theory that says the number of transistors in a microchip doubles every two years. You know what else doubles every two years? Conspiracy theories.



Back in the day, conspiracy theories were like "Communists put fluoride in our water!" But now, it's "A ring of elite-cannibalistic-Satan-worshipping-pedophile-Democrats is working out of a Washington DC pizza parlor and using Jewish space-lasers and vaccines to fake global warming and implant Bill Gate's microchips into the bloodstreams of American patriots to turn them into mindless drones on a depopulated planet!!!"

You've got the flat earth theory, the Illuminati theory, the lizard people theory, the QAnon theory... it's like they're doubling in complexity every two years. And I don't know about you, but I can't keep up.

And the worst part? These conspiracy theories have a shelf life shorter than a carton of milk. "Oh, you still believe in the JFK assassination? That's so 20th century. The real conspiracy now is that the moon landing was faked by the lizard people."

And you know what's even crazier? Some of these theories are actually starting to sound plausible. Like, I used to think the idea of chemtrails was ridiculous. But then I saw that movie 'Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs' and I was like, "Oh, so it's real. Got it."



Some people believe that the moon landing was faked, but what if the moon itself is fake?

Remember when we thought it was crazy that the government was spying on us through our phones? Now we're just like, "Eh, whatever. As long as I can still order food delivery, I don't care who's listening in."



Acknowledgements

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Bubba Harrison
Jwharrison@universeodon.com

Just
because it's
absurd
doesn't
mean it's
not true!

